

complained of: I perceive, said he, it is you that have lent money at usury to this old gentleman's son; it is you that have shut your ears to his supplications; it is you that have tortured and almost seivered his heart; it is you that were meditating to give the fatal blow. Ah! Doriman, are you my nephew?

Sir, answered Doriman, I am in your eyes always culpable; not any of my actions can be innocent. Pray, Sir, is not money an article of commerce? How long has it been criminal to lend it upon interest? I advanced it on condition of repayment within a limited time, the borrower was not punctual, and I proceeded against him. Am I to lose my own credit, and ruin myself, to render others easy and happy? — Besides, what are the great distresses you complain of? Thanks to your money, the old man and his son are now extricated from their difficulties. But had I been in their situation, I should not have been so fortunate: philosophy teaches her disciples to prefer a stranger to a relation, and to be beneficent to all the world except their own kindred. — But, in the agitation of mind, and in the midst of your mutual extacies, when you were conversing with the old man, you have forgot one important thing; and believe me, Sir, you will be a sufferer by it.

What have I forgot? said Strephon.

You

You have forgot, answered Doriman, to make him give you a note of hand.

A note of hand! cried the uncle. Ah! miserable wretch, thy heart will over be obdurate. Go! this last shaft proceeds from a corrupt heart! Get thee from me. The venerable countenance of the old gentleman, his fine sensations, his tone of voice — O! my nephew, thou knowest not the actions of probity! thou art not formed for living amongst mankind — Go feed thine eyes upon that metal which will become thy shame and punishment. That vile object of thy worship will precipitate thee into an abyss of troubles; thou wilt then be convinced but too late, that he who has never had compassion for others, has no right to expect it for himself. — A note of hand! Ah! who would not rather lose the whole sum than entertain a thought so base, so odious, so disgraceful to humanity. — Be gone, I tell thee, I no longer can acknowledge that thou hast my blood in thy veins. — Even the assassin feels remorse, but thou, who hast committed outrage against the most sacred things in nature, art an absolute stranger to it.

The uncle was animated with a noble and generous spirit; his gestures, his countenance, his voice, all conspired to breathe the vehement zeal of virtue. At length, exhausted and fatigued he fell back in an arm chair.

I

Doriman,